

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

Unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

[illegible]

— *Ne hai prelevato un decimale di più, allora è un risultato
regolato da Allah e bene. —* *Ne hai regolato 4*

...right in front of them and pointed
...in the air. He said, "I am going to
..."

for the first time in the history of the world.



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Handwritten text on a lined page, partially obscured by a dark, irregular shape (possibly a shadow or a piece of tape). The visible text includes:

Discretion — In conformity with legislation and choosing themselves covered with power to govern
the people as well as their subjects and protect them against all — He is charged as the moral authority to lead the people to the good.

regarding large volumes of jungle. It was necessary to construct the walls of both structures and dig away carefully again, with

parents and children. *He has been married to his second wife* *He has been married to his second wife*

The leaves are upland. Below are own ^{very} abundant copies. A few more characters as they marked by many at which every other is found.

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History of the United States of America in General Biography, Affair, according to the Supreme Judge of the world for the conduct of each in



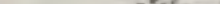
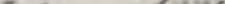
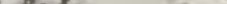

of the good light of them between primary darkness and chaos. That these clouds between us and of light ought to be fire and independent
disappearance like British brown, and that all political movements within them and the state of Great Britain, or ought to be to legally depend, and

is, they have felt Born to buy this, and not have without laborious industry to purchase, and he do all other state and things which "Independent" is for the subject of this Declaration, with upon labor in the purchase of these Purchase are entirely fit to be made, and so on.

John Hancock Adams

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JOHN SHEET

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Mary Harrison The Sisters Mrs Clark Mrs Baker

*Myra Lippert
Lester Broun*

Your Citation

I want you to have this letter from General Brehon Somervell, because his praise of our Company's part in winning the war in Germany really belongs to you. Every one of you working in the Pepperell Mills can consider this your own personal citation for your contribution to victory in Europe. You've done a grand job, and it's been mightily appreciated. It would do you good to hear what the Pepperell boys in the service think about the job you have done. But even more important — We need to realize that our work is only half over. In the Pacific war, textiles are more urgently needed now than ever. Our country is counting on us to finish the job.

Daniel A. Cook

Mill Manager



ARMY SERVICE FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

May 24 1945

SAVE

Mr. R. M. Leonard, President
Pepperell Mfg. Co.
160 State Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Leonard:

I want personally to express to you the appreciation and admiration all of us here feel for the part your company has played in the victory over Germany.

That you and others in the great American production team have accomplished is already having its effect on Japan. Yet in some ways the job ahead of us will be the most difficult of the war. While our production requirements are less than for a ten-front war, they are still heavy. I know you share our determination to meet them in full so that our troops may finish their job as quickly as brave men can.

What especially concerns me is that our new programs contain increases as well as reductions. While some plants will be released for return to peacetime work, we will be placing even heavier loads on some others. We need the help of industry to insure that, as reconversion takes place, we do not fail to get the war material we still urgently need.

Industry has done a great job. Half the war is over. Like the men in the Pacific, it's up to us to finish it!

Cordially yours,

Brehon Somervell
BREHON SOMERVELL
General, Commanding

NEWS OF THE MILLS

Post-war Plans

We've been down in New York talking over the outlook for business after the war with Mr. Donald B. Tamm, Pepperell Vice-President in charge of Sales, and with the heads of the various Sales Departments. Of course no one can look ahead into the distant future these days, but the business we can actually see in prospect for the first few years after the war should provide plenty of work for Pepperell people.

During the war years we have had definite proof that our Pepperell label has come to have a steadily increasing value in the housewife's mind, and in the retailer's opinion. So after the war, when women can buy the sheets and blankets and cotton and rayon and goods that they want, we confidently expect to get a larger share of the available business than we did before the war.

We also have had new products and new lines in preparation, new packages and new sales methods that should increase our volume of business substantially, but it wouldn't be good business to talk about them now and let our competitors know all that we're doing. If you keep your eyes open around the Pepperell Mills, however, as this war draws to its close, you will see things beginning to happen.

Of course, for the present, our chief post-war plan at Pepperell is to make sure that there is a post-war. That's what we're working on now.

What Does This Mean?

The emblem pictured here stands for honorable service to our country. All men and women who are honorably discharged from the armed forces



will have a right to wear it on their civilian clothes. Some of them may have sacrificed an arm or a leg in the service that it stands for, helping to protect the things we love, our homes, our families, our freedom. When you see a man wearing this emblem, remember that he deserves your respect, your gratitude.

Not Sure

A newly arrived soldier in the Pacific was trying to give one of the natives a lesson in basic English. Pointing to another native he said, "Man."

The native repeated after him, "Man."



Pleased, the American pointed to a tree and said, "Tree."

"Tree," the native echoed.

Then a plane flew overhead and the soldier excitedly said, "What?"

The native looked into the sky and said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a B-21, but it might be a B-29."

Music to Our Ears

Not long ago we tried to find out how the Sheet was doing, how many people were reading it compared with the number who used to read it a few years ago. So we had people go around to employees taken at random from all the different departments and shifts and age groups, and ask them. Everyone could answer freely, knowing that his name would never appear. And almost every single person interviewed said that he (or she) read at least a part of the Sheet regularly. Many people said that they read it from cover to cover and then passed it on to their friends. All in all, the survey showed that the Sheet had made big gains in popularity in the last few years.

The poll was made just after the March, 1945 issue came out, so we based our questions on the different articles in that issue, and tried to find out which articles were most carefully read. The Who's Who columns were at the top, showing not only that people like to read what their friends in the company are doing, but also proving that the local department reporters are doing a swell job. The other individual articles came out like this, and you'll be interested to know that the Sheet is more thoroughly

read than almost any of the daily city newspapers which have made similar surveys.

March Sheet Article	% who read it
Casualty page	98
Safety cartoon	97
Service pictures	93
Furlough story (Larivière)	87
Service letters	86
Pepperell Blankets in the Fight	77
Story of Success (Gagnon)	76
Fall River Textile School	76
Island Hopping (O'Connell)	76
Rose Hawthorne Home	68
Biddeford Snowshoe Club	63

SEND FOR FREE COPY

A beautiful reproduction of the original Declaration of Independence, 13 x 15 inches, printed on parchment and suitable for framing, will be sent FREE to readers of the Pepperell Sheet who request it. Have this authentic reproduction of the historic document in your own home. It also makes a beautiful decoration for the school room. Just tear this out and write your name and address in the margin, or drop a card to the Pepperell Sheet, 160 State St., Boston, and we will send them out as long as the supply lasts.

Pepperell Sheet

PUBLISHED BY
PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

for the enjoyment of its
employees and friends

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He Was on the Franklin



Bobby Clarke

Trapped with three hundred men in mess hall of flaming giant carrier, Pepperell's Bobby Clarke saw what heroes are made of.

Bobby Clarke was out office boy in Boston. He was seventeen when he came to work for Pepperell two years ago—a clean looking, baby-faced little red-head. In fact he was so little and had such a high little voice that everyone would ask when they first saw him, "Say, how old is that kid?" He turned out to be plenty old, though, to do a good job of managing the mail and supply room, even supervising the activities of two very lively stockroom girls, both of them a good deal bigger than he was. Bobby used to scurry around, with a worried look on his

face, saying those girls would turn his hair grey, but it was just as red as ever when he came in the other day in the neatest blue sailor suit, all decorated with service ribbons and battle stars, with his white hat on the back of his head.

Bobby finally persuaded his mother and father to let him enlist in the Navy while he was still seventeen, and he was on the U.S.S. Franklin from the time the big carrier was commissioned until the day a bomb planted by a Jap dive bomber turned it into an inferno of explosions and fires, and



8 hours right away. And in the Navy that's not such a good thing to be. But it was all due to a misunderstanding." It's too bad you can't hear Bobby telling this himself. Those big words come out so unexpectedly, and he puts a lot of emphasis in different places, and then he screws his face up into a frown and his voice goes higher than ever. "The instructions said," he went on, "to report at 1100, and I thought they meant 11 at night. But they never believe anything like that in the Navy, so I got 10 days' restrictions and had to go before the Captain, and most of those Navy captains are very serious fellows.

53 Miles from Japan

"Well, anyway, here's what happened, what I could see of it, but the news reels got a lot more of it than I did. We'd been out only about a month on this last trip, and so far it was just a nice peaceful sail. But we'd been hit before, back in October, and we knew how thick the Jap suicide bombers were, so we were betting on how long before we'd be in for repairs.

"We got in there real close to Japan, about 53 miles from Kyushu, the southernmost island of Japan, and made an attack from there, and that night the Japs came after us. The whole task force was at battle stations all night. I'm a gunner, and we were shooting at Jap planes and watching bombs falling around us. They'd let us alone for half an hour, and then more enemy planes would be reported coming in—and we'd be back at the guns again.

"Boy, you ought to see us in those combat clothes. Well, to start with you have a lot of sweaters and stuff on, because it's cold up there near Japan. Then you have a great big bulky life jacket, and of course your helmet. Your face is covered with flash-burn cream, sort of a cold cream that you plaster all over and it hardens so you practically have to sandpaper it off. It's good stuff, though. I saw some fellows later that had been burned, and where they had the cream their skin was as smooth as a baby's, not charred or anything. I saw the other kind of burns, too, because I was on the burial detail after it happened. Anyway, then you have these orange celluloid glasses to protect your eyes, and across your mouth a piece of cotton gauze. To top it off there's a flash-cloth scarf tied down over your helmet, something like these babushkas or whatever they are that girls wear. Pretty sharp!

"It was six-thirty in the morning before we could leave our battle stations, and we went down and washed up and at 7 o'clock went to the mess

hall for breakfast. And at 7:07—SEVEN O SEVEN—we got hit. It was a dull thud that sounded all through the ship, and I thought it was a torpedo. I remember I was eating scrambled eggs, and everybody sat still for a minute and then jumped up and knocked over the tables and all the dishes and coffee and made for the different exits. I took it slow, I don't know why, but I didn't want to get into any panic if there was one. Anyway, none of them got out, because at every exit they were turned back by men coming through the other way saying there was smoke and fire out there, until finally all the exits were cut off.

"Nobody liked the idea of being shut up in that mess hall, with the ship apparently going up in smoke, but the farthest we could get was to another mess hall next to ours, which seemed safer. There was a little smoke in the room, so after everybody got in there—about three hundred of us—they dogged all the hatches to make them air tight and keep out any more smoke. Some guys kept their heads, but some didn't and they were doing a lot of useless yelling, and then those that kept their heads started yelling to shut up. So I just figured I'd keep quiet and follow along and not make the confusion worse.

"We'd been in there just a short while when somebody discovered that the air ventilators were shut off or blown out or something, so the only air we got was by taking the caps off some little holes for hose lines to go through. Everybody was making suggestions, and if one of them sounded good we'd do it.

Death from Suffocation

"Finally we just sat on the deck—on the floor really, but in the Navy they call it the deck—and this Doctor sort of took charge and he said not to talk so as to conserve air. His name was Fuelling, and one of the fellows said he was an eye, ear, nose and throat man, so we thought maybe he knew what he was talking about. But still a lot of the fellows wouldn't keep quiet, so finally he got mad. I couldn't possibly tell you exactly what he said, but some of the men added a few choice words of their own, and they kept quiet for a while. Some of them were having trouble breathing, and they wet their handkerchiefs in the coffee cups that were lying around and put them over their noses, but I didn't have any trouble at first.

"Then somebody came in and said there was a dead man out in the passageway, and the Doctor asked what

(Continued on Following Page)

over 800 men were burned, or suffocated, or drowned, and another 300 wounded. We were all sick about it until finally we heard that Bobby had come through it in good shape. It was one morning in the middle of June that he turned up at the office, and there wasn't much work done around here for a while!

"Well, how do you like the Navy now?" somebody asked, after the excitement had died down a little, and Bobby said, "I still like it—in fact I think it's a lot of fun. I don't know why exactly. Practically all the fellows have some beef about it. But I like the different places you go to, and I like being with the fellows and listening to their stories,—mostly about girls. They're a hot sketch, these fellows." And Bobby grinned delightedly at the recollection.

Somebody else said to start at the beginning and tell us all about it, so Bobby said, "Well, I didn't get such a good start in the Navy. I was AWOL

He Was On the Franklin

(Continued from Page 3)

it was and the man said he thought it was suffocation. So the Doctor said to go back and try some artificial respiration on him. It didn't do any good, because in a little while they brought the dead man in and laid him on the floor and covered his face with a jacket. The fellows sort of acted as though they didn't notice it, but I think they were scared to look at him, because we knew he'd died of suffocation, and we knew if we stayed there long enough we'd look just like that, and I was thinking to myself, what a heck of a way to die!

"I can't remember the lapses of time between things, because all of them seemed like a lifetime. I found out afterwards we were down there two hours, and I personally don't think we would have lasted very much longer. There was one man who came in yelling and hysterical because he'd seen a man trapped up above. He was an older man, sort of bald, and they couldn't keep him quiet, so the fellows said to clip him one. So this fellow that was holding him down on the table just gave him a light uppercut to the jaw, knocked him cold, and then laid him down very gently on the table. I can smile about it now, but none of us were exactly in a smiling mood when it happened.

"We could hear big explosions all the time, these tremendous rockets going off. The Doctor tried to make us think it was our five-inch guns firing, and we pretended to believe him, but I don't think anyone did. It started to get very hot in there, and the Doctor said to take off some of our clothes. But I didn't take mine off. I can't explain it, but all along I was sure we were going to get out, and I knew it was cold outside.

Couple of Lifetimes

"Things got worse all the time. It seemed like a couple of lifetimes. Then this fellow broke in on us from the other mess hall, and he had on a rescue breather. He said a few words to the Doctor, and then he said he'd try to lead ten men up, but he didn't want to risk any more. If they got through he'd come back for more. Lots of fellows rushed over. But I figured if he was only going to take ten I'd never get to be one of them, so I just waited. Some of the fellows knew the man. He was an engineering officer, and his name was Lt. (jg) Donald Gary. He's a hero as far as I'm concerned.

"For a while we felt a lot better, but then they were gone so long we figured they hadn't made it and got feeling worse than ever. It was getting



Moby's girl friend, Louise Rigolin, sent him this picture a month before the disaster in which he escaped with his life.

hotter and more people were having trouble breathing. That was when the Doctor said it would be a good thing for everyone to say a few prayers, so we had a few minutes' quiet, and I guess everybody prayed all right. I know I said the Act of Contrition—with the life I'd been leading I figured I'd better. And then I was saying the Our Father, and I heard lots of guys around me saying the same thing. The Sunday before that we'd had a sermon about the Our Father by that Father O'Callahan, the one that was such a hero, only he was in another part of

the ship and we didn't see him until later on. Anyway, in this sermon he said to think about every word when you said it and try to define what the words meant, so I was doing that.

Take It Easy

"One ray of hope was that we could hear them playing the key house on the deck above us, and they tapped out something like a code. One of the fellows who knew code said they were telling us BE STILL, meaning to take it easy, not get excited. That made us feel a little better—at least someone knew we were there.

"Well, finally the fellows did go back, and he talked to the Doctor again and he said he only wanted to take 10 more. But we were getting kind of frantic by then, so he finally said he'd take the whole bunch, but only on condition that we knew a chain by holding onto the hands of the guy in front and the one at the back of us, and going one step at a time, then stooping down to breathe the fresher air near the deck. So that's what we did, and it was a long time, all those 500 fellows, and I was one of the last ones to go. It was slow going. First we went back through the same mess hall that we'd left, and past the galley, which was all covered with smoke, then through a hatch beside the galley into what turned out to be an air uptake room. We went down one deck, and up a ladder for the other, and the fellow in front of



The Cruiser Santa Fe risks its own destruction by moving close alongside the bomb-riddled carrier Franklin to fight fires and remove the wounded.

me was almost passing out so I had to sort of push him up the ladder and hold him up. I don't know what it was—I never saw his face.

"When we finally came up into the air, we were in a gun station on the outside of the ship, and there was a destroyer pulled up alongside taking off wounded by a breeches buoy. Some of the air crews were being sent over too. The destroyer was so close we could step off onto it, and some fellows did. Nobody we asked knew what had happened, but we did know there hadn't been any order to abandon ship, so most of us stayed aboard. There were lots of times later when I wished I hadn't, but I'm glad now, because those other fellows were detached from the Franklin right away.

On Deck

"By following a little catwalk around the outside of the island—that's the superstructure of the carrier, you know—we got out on the flight deck, and what a sight it was. There were things exploding all over the place, and flames everywhere. People were chopping holes in the deck, and some were throwing ammunition overboard. Some fellows had to jump, and some of them that had helmets on broke their necks. I was tempted to jump lots of times, but I don't take any credit for it that I didn't, because I don't swim so well.

"They just shoved hoses into our hands and said to get in there, so there we were walking right in on the fire without even time to think. Maybe it was just as well, because one of the guys with us took some kind of a nervous fit and was shaking all over, so we had to lay him down on the deck away from the fire until they could take him off. That's when I first saw Father O'Callahan, organizing the fire fighting, going right in where it was worst, handling hot ammunition, and giving the last Sacraments to the dying men. The Captain said afterward that he was the bravest man he ever knew.

Half a Sandwich

"It wasn't till night that we got a chance to stop. Fires were still breaking out, but we got hold of some cans of Spam and some bread, and there was half a sandwich for each man. Then we just fell asleep right where we were. I know I was draped around a gun mount and there was a fellow using my stomach for a pillow—there wasn't much of the deck left by then.

"The ship was a desolate sight in the morning, black and burned and pieces sticking out. We tried to find out what had happened to our friends, but there wasn't any time even then



Father O'Callahan was everywhere on the ship, giving the last Sacraments to the dying, fighting fires, handling hot ammunition, going right in where things were worst. The Captain called him "the bravest man I ever knew."

for anything but work, clearing stuff away. We threw overboard enough stuff to leave a trail all the way across the Pacific. A Jap bomber attacked us that next day too. We only had two guns left that would fire, but we turned both of them on him, and he veered off and dropped his bombs in the water.

"Maybe you read about that orchestra that Father O'Callahan got up. That was swell! This fellow Saxie Dowell, the one that wrote *Three Little Fishes*, was the leader of the ship's band, and he still had his clarinet, and the rest of them had makeshift instruments, old jugs and everything else. They made up songs and came around singing them, things like the tune of *The Old Gray Mare*, only it was *'The Old Big Ben she ain't what she used to be.'* It sounded swell. Frankly, I thought it sounded better than it did with the regular band.

"I guess the old ship looked pretty good by the time we sailed into Pearl. We were all lined up with new dun-

garees and everything, and there was a Waves Glee Club band down there to meet us, and a lot of big shots.

"I hope I can stay on the Franklin, but I don't know. It'll probably take too long to fix her up and we'll be assigned to another ship. Sometimes it seems as though it was just a bad dream, because I'm all here and everything. But it's a funny thing, when I'm just sitting there taking it easy, sometimes I'll get the shakes.

"By the way, here's a copy of those songs they made up when we were on our way in. There's one to the tune of the Marine Hymn that the fellows thought was pretty good, especially one verse, this one here—"

It went:

From the shores of Jap Kyushu
By Ulithi's steaming strand
And the isles of Aloha Nui
We all come to our own land.
Many shipmates sail not with us
But their spirit shall not die.
When our bugle sounds "To Stations"
We will answer for them "AYE."

? Lewiston Lids ?

DO YOU KNOW 'EM?



The
Faceman



The Jockey



The Babe Ruth



The
Skull Cap

The very latest models in
toppers worn around the
plant by Lewiston men.
How many do you know?
After you've made your
guesses, turn the page
upside down for answers.
But no peeking!



The Longfellow



The Oversize



The Battered Hat

Answers

1. Faceman
2. Jockey
3. Babe Ruth
4. Skull Cap
5. Longfellow
6. Oversize
7. Battered Hat



Home Looks Good to These Boys

Almost daily transports have been arriving in Boston harbor, bringing home repatriated prisoners of war and soldiers with many months of overseas service, and it was a wonderful experience for me, as a *Pepperell Sheet* reporter, to be able to meet one of these ships as it came into the Army Base Terminal. Even though no one was allowed to board the transport, we could almost feel the relief and happiness of the boys that lined the deck high above us. Some of them cheered and shouted wildly, others just plain grinned, while still others only looked thoughtful and a little bewildered—for this was home. Now all the things that they had dreamed about and hoped and planned for were going to come true. Home looked pretty good to these boys—and they looked pretty good to us. It was almost as if our own brothers or husbands were coming back.

Papers fluttered down at our feet, while requests to call wondering families and tell them that Joe had come home were gladly and immediately taken care of. Reporters milled around the pier, shouting up at the boys to find out where the New Englanders were—and the soldiers shouted down at us, asking if they still sold beer in Boston, making dates with the WACs, and showering everyone on the pier with all kinds of foreign currency, while all the time the band was playing and photographers were running around madly taking pictures of everything.

To top it all off, this transport was bringing home another *Pepperell Sheet* soldier, Private Conrad Poisson of Lewiston, who had been a German prisoner for over a year! How to find Conrad might have been quite

Sheet reporter Jane Avery meets Conrad Poisson at the gangplank — home after 14 months in a German prison.

a problem, when suddenly a tanned soldier above me yelled down, "Hey, you're from Framingham!" And it was a boy I knew right from my own home town! After carrying on as much of a conversation as I could with Leo, I asked him if he would please help me find Conrad. It was practically no sooner said than done.



Pvt. Conrad Poisson of Lewiston came down the gangplank to shake hands with Jane Avery, a *Pepperell Sheet* reporter.

Conrad wasn't supposed to leave the ship, but he got permission to come down for a few minutes to talk to me. At that I practically had to fight away the reporters to get near him. He looked fine and healthy and tanned, as did almost every single boy on the transport. At the time they were liberated most of the boys looked pretty thin and tired, but the sun and sea air and good American food on the trip home put on a good many pounds and gave them all healthy tans.

Just about two years ago Conrad arrived overseas, and after several months of really rugged fighting he was captured at the Anzio beachhead on February 23, 1944. Eventually he was sent to a little town in Southern Germany as a member of a working detail. They really weren't badly treated, although if they had had to depend on the Germans for all their food they would have looked like human skeletons. As it was the Red Cross was right on the job, and they received boxes of food regularly. Needless to say it was this food that kept them going. Conrad, as well as every other boy who was a prisoner of war, thinks the Red Cross did a splendid job.

As the American armies advanced closer and closer the Jerrys gave them increasingly good treatment, till towards the last his unit practically had the run of the town. Then finally the Germans fled just before the Americans arrived. It was the Third Division of the Seventh Army that liberated them, on April 25th — after Conrad had been held prisoner for fourteen long months. I wanted to ask him a lot of other questions, but he was called back aboard ship just then, and I wasn't able to see him again.



Round and round

AND WHERE THEY STOP

Virginia Shelmerdine swings a mean skate at Lincoln Park. She says it's easy—but we'll sit this one out, thanks.

Lots of Fall River Peppercornites enjoy the roller skating at Lincoln Park, but the recognized expert is Virginia Shelmerdine, Inspector in B Cloth Room. It's all a question of taking short steps, she says. Well, maybe. Of course she's a real sidewalk skater from way back, so she took her sports man and got them over with.

The first thing to do, she says, is learn balance. Just hold on to the railing and pull yourself along. Another tip to learn is to get in the middle of two people who are good skaters and let them pull you along. Rhythm is important, just as it is in dancing, but the main thing is to take short steps, especially rounding the corners. Long steps and glides can come later, and then there are the fancy moves, like the Barn Dance, the H Step, the Collegiate and the Whoopee Trio. Just try it three times, Virginia says, and you'll always like roller skating. Well, we tried it once, but we still like it all right, but we can't get around as well as this player can.

Left, Virginia Shelmerdine of the B Cloth Room, Fall River, rounds the corner with Delmar Pelis, S. I. Co. Virginia has been roller skating all her life, and is quite an expert.



The courtesy of the Navy, demonstrated by Delmar Pelis of Newark, who laces up Virginia's shoes for her. A recognized expert, she has shoes with skates attached, a real help when it comes to doing fancy stunts.



One good turn deserves another, Virginia thinks, so she helps Delmar to pick out a specially good pair of skates from the ones that are available.

they go

WHOOPS!
NOBODY
KNOWS!



Above: the manpower who
age down. Both a Virginia
a little nation. They make
a fine looking couple anyway.

Right: Fernand Chacón
and the beautiful Blackie
in a Teyon rhythm
in a fun at the back.



It can happen to the best



Fair and Cooler

It's the Fall
Kiss me
up and down
the back of my neck
and I'll be a
happy man
and you'll be a
happy woman
and we'll make
a happy couple
and we'll make
a happy couple
and we'll make
a happy couple



Navy gunners learn to shoot by aiming at practice targets made of Pepperell Rayon Fabrics from our Fall River mill. Targets are towed by planes to provide realistic action.



1. The man is a man with a man with a man at
 the man is a man with a man with a man at
 make the man a man Target man with a man at
 ng man a man a man just at man a man at
 to man a man a man be man a man a man at

[illegible]

The Best Combat Uniform Ever Made

And Pepperell makes the cloth—a 9-oz. combed sateen, woven in Fall River, finished in Lewiston.

The new sateen combat uniform is especially designed to provide protection in wet and cold climates. And those who know say that the closer you get to Japan the wetter and colder it is. It's going to take some very different kinds of clothing from those supplied to our troops on the tropical islands of the South Pacific.

Wind resistant because of its high density, the fabric also made water repellent by the treatment which it provides an ideal wind and rain for our garments in bad weather. Garments made from treated cotton sateen just don't leak, unless you tear them or punch a hole in them.

The combed sateen combat uniform includes field jacket and trousers, hood, raincoat, and parka type overcoat with parka collar. This uniform was worn by American troops during the bitter winter campaigns in Europe and proved so satisfactory that it is now getting top rating on clothing requirements. Although the fighting in Europe covers the winter weather of Japan is very similar to that of Europe.

The Army's Procurement reports reflect the popularity of the combat uniform as the leading item of the armed forces is tailoring, and the Japanese clothing requirements.



For the cold and damp weather, this combed sateen combat uniform provides perfect protection for our fighting men.

for the various items. The uniform includes a field jacket, trousers, hood, raincoat, and parka type overcoat with parka collar. The fabric is a 9-oz. combed sateen.

The jacket and trousers are designed specifically to wear over other clothes, and are made in a way that pose so that the proper fit is maintained. The parka type hood and the hood can be fastened to the jacket with trousers are fastened to the parka. In such equipment, men can live in the open to face at a time with only slight discomfort.



All yarn for the combed sateen for combat uniforms is combed, to provide greater density and water repellence. Here Carlos Moniz operates one of the new machines.



Joseph Landry is a Y. G. French Textile Co. worker who works for combed sateen fabric. He is a member of the Y. G. French Textile Co. union.

The Best Combat Uniform

presented as the result of a concerted effort by the War Relocation Authority to provide the greatest possible protection and comfort for the thousands of Japanese-Americans who are being sent to the camps for their safety. The uniform is being produced for the closing phases of the war against Japan. And we are proud that Pepperell is doing its best to supply the need.



Adeline Estrada makes the cloth for the military uniform.

Right, Sanforizing, by Anne (Cretens) to prevent shrinking after.



This uniform cloth must be washed in Carl Hanson's machine, the proper machine, at left, from the right, operates a machine which washes the cloth five times.



Dr. Clarence E. Thompson — A Tribute

Dr. Clarence E. Thompson was a devoted and dedicated man who spent his life in the service of his country. He was a man of great courage and determination, and he was always ready to sacrifice for the good of his fellow citizens. He was a man of great faith and conviction, and he was always ready to stand up for what he believed in. He was a man of great kindness and compassion, and he was always ready to help those in need. He was a man of great wisdom and insight, and he was always ready to share his knowledge with others. He was a man of great strength and courage, and he was always ready to face whatever challenges came his way. He was a man of great love and devotion, and he was always ready to give his all for the good of his country.



Dr. Clarence E. Thompson

and all the while to help the people of the world. He was a man of great courage and determination, and he was always ready to sacrifice for the good of his fellow citizens. He was a man of great faith and conviction, and he was always ready to stand up for what he believed in. He was a man of great kindness and compassion, and he was always ready to help those in need. He was a man of great wisdom and insight, and he was always ready to share his knowledge with others. He was a man of great strength and courage, and he was always ready to face whatever challenges came his way. He was a man of great love and devotion, and he was always ready to give his all for the good of his country.



ON DUTY

Small women on the line, like
in doing a great service, their
guery. Without their skilled and
good efforts it would be impossible
meet the demands for war effort

They like the second shift



Small women on the line, like
in doing a great service, their
guery. Without their skilled and
good efforts it would be impossible
meet the demands for war effort

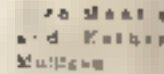


Small women on the line, like
in doing a great service, their
guery. Without their skilled and
good efforts it would be impossible
meet the demands for war effort



Small women on the line, like
in doing a great service, their
guery. Without their skilled and
good efforts it would be impossible
meet the demands for war effort

AT BIDDEFORD TEXTILE SCHOOL



A black and white photograph of a large group of people, likely a family or a group of friends, posing for a formal portrait. The group is arranged in several rows, with some individuals seated in the front and others standing behind them. The setting appears to be indoors, possibly in a studio or a formal room.

How to wave ..

Sure they'll be back

Post-war plan for most Pepperell men in the service is still PEPPERELL, as shown in their letters to plant managers.

"Believe me, the day when the war will be over and I'll be going home again will be a happy day. Yes, I'm planning on going back to the Pepperell if God gives me the chance to get through this war. I have worked in quite a few places, but never in a place that I liked so well as I did working in the Pepperell Company."

ROLAND TARDIE Biddeford

"The feeling that came over me as I read that you wanted me to return to Pepperell is hard to describe. All of us have been wondering if we would have jobs to return to. My own, again with Pepperell, was a most pleasant one and I hope in the near future I will be able to be back with you all at Pepperell."

MAX LIBBY, JR., Biddeford

"I received your letter a few days ago, and it does make one feel more at ease when he knows there is a job waiting for him. I consider myself very fortunate not to have to worry about that and to be able to go back to such a good company as Pepperell."

J. Z. PELLETIER Biddeford

"When the war is over I'll be glad to go to work on my old job. I like it very much. It was a very good job."

CONRAD H. FORTIER Biddeford

"You can bet that your letter is appreciated Mr. Cook. When a fellow gets a letter like that he really wants to do the best he can and sometimes it isn't easy. We want your news in us to be justified."

ROLAND LAMBERT Biddeford

"I hope that some day soon I can get back there and get on your payroll once again."

SYLVIA ALBE Biddeford

"I received your wonderful letter Mr. Cook and was certainly glad to hear from you. It has been 2 years since I have been away from the Pepperell and I miss being with the company very much. When the war is finally over I am planning very much to come back to the company."

LELAND ROBINSON Biddeford

"Your letter expressing the wish that I might return home in the near future was very optimistic, but I appreciate the thought and only wish it were true. It has always been in my mind that I would return to my old job and it is nice to know that I have not been forgotten."

FRANK O'CONNELL Lewiston

"I sure have been pretty proud of the work that my old company has been doing and it has helped us a lot. Thanks for your letter. I sure would like to get back to Pepperell when I get back home."

WILLIAM JONES Lewiston

"I just received your most welcome letter and it sure is a great help to have some idea of what I am going to do when this war is over with. We are using a lot of herringbone here and it has stood up under hard wear and many lawn dressings. After working with it as the mill for almost 2 years I can understand why."

ALBERT W. THOMPSON Lewiston

"I don't have any idea how soon I will get back home. But one thing sure as soon as I get home I will come around to see you and talk about the job. I'll be glad to go back to work for the Pepperell again."

HENRY PERRIER, Lewiston

"You don't know how much it means to us boys in the service to receive a letter from you telling us that our job is waiting for us whenever we get back. That is one of the main things that some of us think about."

LARRY BACHAND Lewiston

"I shall be glad to return to the company that made such a good name for itself in the war."

EDWARD DEAN Fall River

"No doubt we all have the same thoughts in mind for the day when this war will be over. Let's hope some day I can be one of Pepperell's employees again. You people have treated all us fellows swell."

PETER LAJAC Fall River

"It was a great pleasure to hear from you and to see you didn't forget your former employees, namely me. Yes, sir, I had and still have in mind to return to work for you, and was very glad to receive this letter telling me I could. I sure appreciate your taking the trouble to tell me so."

H. J. BOUDREAU Fall River

"I sure will be glad to return to the same job that I was doing before I left for the Navy. I know that the company is doing their best to try and get everyone back soon."

E. J. MURPHY Fall River

"I'll be glad to work for Pepperell again when I get back. Pepperell has done a great job in helping us men the war. I believe the fellows who worked for Pepperell will say that it's a great company to work for."

JESSE PERLIN Fall River

"I miss the old gang here I worked with very much and am so glad to hear from you. I sure would like to know we have a job to go back to."

JAMES HENNING Fall River

Be Twins This Summer

For swimming or sunning—mother and daughter sarong-like bathing suits are cute as a button—and so easy to make!

Let your girl look just like mother, and this summer they'll go native together, soaking up the sun in matching suits. The bra-tops and skirt-draped bottoms are made of a bright splashy beach-way print, and are easy matching pants, separate from the skirt. Mother can make these suits herself. For the simple pieces, just sew and a fast by draping, and the same pattern is used for both suits. Drop a penny postcard to the People's Manufacturing Company, 100 State Street, Boston, Mass., and we'll mail you the directions, free of charge, by return mail.





Water
drip-drip-drip
it's so hot
the sun is shining
and it's so hot
the sun is shining
the sun is shining
the sun is shining

Baked Mackerel

Variable Controls

Melt 1 ester of margarine in saucepan;
add 1 cup milk and flour and stir until
well blended. Add 1/2 cup milk and cook until
thickened. Season with salt. Boil 10 min.
Remove from heat. Stir in 1/2 cup butter,
1/2 cup cream, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup vanilla,
and 1/2 cup lemon juice. Beat thoroughly.

As a change try $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon natural
fresh thyme and rosemary in this or a
teaspoon of chopped chives, or dash of
Worcestershire.

3. Fe^{2+} ions are oxidized by hydrogen peroxide in the presence of a catalyst.

From Cole Slaw

Shred crisp cabbage finely. Mix the seasonings with the vinegar and oil until blended. Add remaining ingredients. A little chives, a cucumber beat to a paste should be thick. Mix with the cabbage and green stuff. Boiling light water in a cooking vessel. Serve with bread. Serves four.

1 cups baked beans
 1 medium onion
 1 cup bread crumbs

1 cup milk
 1/2 cup oil
 1/2 cup butter
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup salt and pepper

4. Sliced cold, this serves as sandwich filling.

[illegible]

Lombard 106, Chicago, Ill.
In service, 1944 with French
Army 213

1	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	11
2	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	12
3	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13
4	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	14
5	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	15
6	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	16
7	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	17
8	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	18
9	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	19
10	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	20

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first sentence is a simple sentence.
 2. The second sentence is a compound sentence.
 3. The third sentence is a complex sentence.
 4. The fourth sentence is a compound sentence.
 5. The fifth sentence is a complex sentence.
 6. The sixth sentence is a compound sentence.
 7. The seventh sentence is a complex sentence.
 8. The eighth sentence is a compound sentence.
 9. The ninth sentence is a complex sentence.
 10. The tenth sentence is a compound sentence.

Harvard Beets

2 tablespoons butter 1/2 cup milk vinegar
or margarine 1/2 cup salt and pepper
2 tablespoons flour 1 cup cubed beet or
1 cup boiling water 12 small beets,
sliced
1/2 cup sugar sliced

Melt butter or margarine, stir in flour and milk. Add boiling water slowly, stirring constantly, and cook until thickened. Add the sugar and vinegar and season with salt and pepper. Add the sliced or sliced beets; heat well and serve. Serves four to six.

Corn Pudding

1/2 cup corn 1/2 cup brown salt
1/2 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup sugar 2 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup butter 2 tablespoons melted
fat 1/2 cup margarine or butter
1/2 cup milk

Mix corn with bread crumbs, onion and milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add the beaten eggs, milk and melted fat. Pour into a greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 minutes. Serves four.

Peppermint Flip

1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup milk

Vanilla Ice Cream

1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup milk

1/2 cup milk, syrup and salt in the top of a double boiler over hot water. Add a little of the hot milk to the beaten eggs, mix well and return to the double boiler. Cook in hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Pour

into freezing tray and freeze until just set. Beat the egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff. Beat the frozen custard until creamy but not thin, fold in egg white mixture and pour into freezing tray. Freeze until firm, 2 to 4 hours.

Watermelon Supreme

1 small chilled watermelon
1 cup watermelon cubes
1 cup fresh cherries
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup salt
1/2 cup mint leaves

Cut watermelons in halves and fill centers with watermelon cubes and cherries. Sprinkle with lemon juice and salt and top each with a sprig of fresh mint. Serve well chilled. Serves four.

Blueberry Muffins

2 cups flour 1 egg
1/2 cup baking powder 2 tablespoons melted
butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar 1 cup blueberries,
picked over
1/2 cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add blueberries. Add gradually milk, well-beaten egg and butter or margarine. Do not beat—just stir enough to blend. Fill greased muffin tins 2/3 full and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees). Makes 12 good-sized muffins.

Maple Syrup Cake

1/2 cup shortening 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup maple syrup 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup vanilla 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup egg, well beaten 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cake flour

1/2 cup shortening up a bit sugar gradually and cream well together. Add maple syrup a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Add the well-beaten eggs and beat the mixture vigorously. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Mix just enough to blend after each addition of flour. Stir in nut meats and

pour into 2 greased 8-inch pans. Cook in a 375-degree oven from 25 to 30 minutes or until done. Cool, layer and fill and frost with the following maple icing.

Maple Icing

1 cup maple syrup 1/2 cup salt
2 egg whites 1/2 cup vanilla

Cook maple syrup until it forms a firm but not hard ball when tested in a cup of cold water. Let syrup stand for a minute or two, off the stove, while you beat the egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff but not dry. Add syrup in a fine stream, beating constantly with a rotary or electric beater. Continue to beat until frosting holds its shape. Add vanilla and frost cake.

Candy Peach Pie

3 or 4 large peaches 1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar 1/2 cup ground nut
meats
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup butter or

Pare and slice peaches fine. Put a layer (about half) of sliced peaches in the bottom of a baking dish and sprinkle with 1/2 cup brown sugar. Add another layer of peaches and cover with the mixture of flour, butter or margarine, remaining brown sugar and nut meats creamed together. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 1 hour. Serve warm with cream. If desired, a tablespoon of peanut butter may be creamed with flour mixture in place of the creamed nut meats. Apples may be used in place of peaches.

Current Fizz

1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup lemon
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup orange
1/2 cup orange juice

Beat current jelly with a rotary or electric beater until frothy. Add boiling water and continue beating until jelly is dissolved. Add fruit juices and stir well. Chill and just before serving add orange juice. Serve over ice cubes. Makes 2 1/2 quarts.



Homemade vanilla ice cream shaped into balls and rolled in nut meats makes a delicious dessert. Serve it with sauce or with crushed fruit.




Fill pastry tart shells with cream filling and top with swirls of blueberries or other berries. Or fruits in season and a dusting of powdered sugar. Fruit cream tarts make a tasty summer dessert.

A black and white photograph of a young child, possibly a toddler, sitting on the floor. To the left of the child is a hand-drawn sign on a piece of paper, which is pinned to a string with two clothespins. The sign has the words "kid stuff" written in a cursive, handwritten style. The child is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark overalls or a vest. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Figure 1.2. Frequency distribution of the number of children per family

Remains in Master's Laboratory. Every day
The owner (the master) is the same Master

Below, Priscilla LeBlanc tries
pieces of Anita and Emile from
pile of the Biddeford plant



Right, Priscilla is our year
old daughter of Edward Hilde
of 148 at the Dunford m.

Who's Who in Buldford—Continued

SHEETING SLASHING

КРЕМЛИН. Говорит: «Да, да».

10 The War Department took down a bridge
 20 that was a necessity at the Pacific
 30 with the Viet Nam.
 40 Mr. Harkin is doing better, he is
 50 the best. He took some time to
 60 We all wish that I could see him.
 70 a certain part of the situation.
 80 As I would not
 90 Mrs. Harkin is a person who is
 100 of a certain kind. I am
 110 of a certain kind. I am
 120 of a certain kind. I am
 130 of a certain kind. I am
 140 of a certain kind. I am
 150 of a certain kind. I am
 160 of a certain kind. I am
 170 of a certain kind. I am
 180 of a certain kind. I am
 190 of a certain kind. I am
 200 of a certain kind. I am

Այս փուլերում է օրհնվում թանգերը՝ իրենց
 Բարոյ, Բանականության Եւ Սիրտի խոսքով

[illegible]
$$H^1(\mathbb{R}^n, \mathbb{R}) \cong \mathbb{R}^n \quad \text{for } n \geq 1.$$

SHEETING CLOTH ROOM

$$\frac{1}{2} \leq p \leq m-1 \quad \text{or} \quad p = m, \quad p \neq 11, 13, 17, 19$$

$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccc}
\alpha & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\beta & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\gamma & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\delta & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\epsilon & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\zeta & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\eta & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\theta & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\iota & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\kappa & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\lambda & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\mu & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\nu & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16 \\
\omega & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10 & 11 & 12 & 13 & 14 & 15 & 16
\end{array}$

With the deepest sorrow informed of the death of noble Bonaparte, I am glad to hear that he has been buried as merited in a Christian grave and moved by his many friends.

Рис. 1

WHO'S WHO IN FALL RIVER

"A" CLOTH ROOM

REPORTER: Thomas Waterhouse

¶ Arthur Barbara wrote from Germany and asks to be remembered to all his friends. He's hoping you'll be home real soon.

¶ We hear Charlie Perry is on his way home. Charlie is in the Navy and has been stationed in Stockton, California, for quite awhile.

¶ Bob Smith was recently discharged from the Army. How does it feel wearing civilian clothes again, huh?

¶ We are all glad to know that Tom Kotak is home after being liberated from a German prison camp. In January, 1945, he was moving thru in March it was discovered he was a prisoner of war. Tom says it's hard to believe he's really home. Right now, he's at Lake Placid, but he said on a visit when he was home and we all agree he looks grand.

RAYON DEPT.

REPORTER: Josephine Puro

¶ It was a pleasure to meet Miss Agnes Bourneuf from Boston and the other Peppercorn Sheet reporters at a dinner held at the Hotel Mellen recently. I enjoyed it immensely and I'll take you up on that trip to Boston, Miss Bourneuf.

¶ Joseph Ricardo took us back to the William Tell for should I say Dan Capoly story the other day when he came dashing through the 4th floor with a large bow and arrow.

¶ I know you don't like your name in this column, Joe, but you know how it is.

¶ We like the way Manuel Silva from the Wrapping Dept. warns the girls before he lets a box drop on the floor. We know that his mind is on the job because he is always very careful. Manny must be a member of the A.B.C. Club.

¶ We missed you very much, Joseph Konchak, the week you were out sick. Please don't let that happen again.

¶ Maria Costa was the winner of a five-dollar bill recently on a number she picked out of Imelda Rieux's book for a Catholic Church fund. We surely believe that Maria was born under a lucky star. Not very long ago she was one of the winners of Mr. Thibault's money pool, and the gifts she received on her birthday were all beautiful. Congratulations, Maria, and more power to you.

¶ Another birthday was celebrated a few weeks ago in honor of Imelda Laveque. A group of friends presented her with a handsome birthday cake. Congratulations, Imelda, and may you celebrate many more birthdays.

¶ I found out that the girls are all excited about an Andrew Brown from the Weave Room who is a great lover. He is prettier than Joseph Cote. He may be short—but very handsome—and the girls go for him in a big way.

¶ Renee has a special smile for the ladies on Thursdays when he goes by with the scale. Can you remember our weight one week to another, Renee?

¶ Maurice Desnoyers (S. 2/c) had a leave recently. Of course, Ceile will tell you that

he may be overseas, but he didn't forget a gift for her birthday.

¶ The Weave Room boys can't help but show their jealousy when they come up to the 4th floor and criticize our new curtains—especially Thibault and Gustave.

¶ Cpl. Tech. Lucien Veinette, a veteran of three invasions, is back in the States for a short period. He has had three years of overseas duty. He sure is eager to see and visit us.

¶ Anne Houle attended the Health Day exercises in which her son, Freddie, took part recently at the Eastern Avenue school. Freddie also serves as altar boy at the Immaculate Conception Church.

¶ Now for a word about our new help. We welcome each and everyone of you in every department. You're very cooperative and your jobs are well done. We've noticed, from the smiles on your faces, that you like the people who surround you.

¶ We wish you very much, Phyllis Niles, and are looking forward to seeing you with us again in the Autumn.

"R" WEAVE ROOM

REPORTER: Jeannette Laveque

¶ Hello, Lucretia, all done with your spring cleaning? How about coming over now and helping me?

¶ Girls, have you seen Mr. Pagnin's picture of his youngest boy who is in the Navy? Boy, he's what you call real hot!

¶ It's too bad Miss Marie Pichon couldn't attend the dinner given for the Sheet reporters. We had a grand time. Here's hoping your mother feels better.

¶ Annette is looking very well after her operation. Hope you'll be with us soon.

¶ During her lunch hour Leda is still keeping busy. She's making herself a bright red sweater. The shade is real pretty. Don't forget we want to see it when you finish.

¶ While waiting to have an x-ray last month, I chewed my nail polish off. The x-ray was over in a minute. Then all I needed was a new coat of polish.

¶ Hello, George, how are you getting along with your new arrivals—the baby chicks? Hope you don't forget to invite me over for a chicken dinner.

¶ Those hot peppers you gave me, Emily, were real good—especially with vinegar on top. My pop likes them very much, too.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Roberts' son is home after being away for sixteen months. We're all happy for you.



Walter Johnson, M.C.M. 3/c, and his bride, the former Rita Bennett, who is employed in the Rayon Department.

CARDING DEPARTMENT

REPORTER: Marion Corio

¶ We extend our sincere sympathy to Rose and Mary Nicolas, Ceile Pelletier, and Abbie Holderness on their recent bereavements.

¶ Well, folks, I've just discovered that our Overseer, Mr. Desautel, is quite a farmer. I guess that accounts for all the planting catalogues I've seen around. He's quite proud of his Victory garden.

¶ Everyone is wondering where Mr. Mello is giving all the pork chops. Do you by any chance raise your own pigs?

¶ So Danny has gone in for interior decorating. Well, we'll have to keep you in mind, Danny.

¶ Mary Fortin had a grand time at the dinner dance sponsored by the bus drivers.

¶ We welcome back Agnes Guignault after a long absence.

¶ Among the newcomers to the second shift are Normand Manceau and Alfred Pavan. Hope they like working with us.

¶ Your reporter attended a banquet in the Mellen Hotel recently given in honor of the Peppercorn Sheet reporters. It was nice meeting all the reporters and a pleasure to meet Miss Bourneuf of the Boston office.



Ronald Roussel, aged nine, and his brother Raymond, eight, are the handsome sons of Mrs. Lillian Roussel, who works in the Spinning Department of the Fall River Mill.



Thomas Darcy, S 1/c



It is with the deepest sorrow that we have learned of the death of Thomas Darcy in an automobile accident in California. Thomas had seen action during the invasions of Italy and Normandy, and was awaiting further overseas instructions when the accident occurred. To his family go our sincere sympathies.

MACHINE SHOP

REPORTER: Roy Burkley

¶ While snooping through George Cerce's books, what should we see but the good old-fashioned heart saying, "George loves Mary." Now, are you in for a riddle, George? ¶ Poor Jim Cerce—how cruel fate could be—his being born thirty years too soon. Why the bathing suits they used to wear!!!! Naturally, the pin-ups brought on this mood, hey pal? ¶ The meat shortage!!! Why Bill Whitehead says whenever he picks up a knife his dog flees for his life. ¶ Poor Jim Cerce—he certainly has his troubles—especially with the time cards. It just doesn't seem right for anyone else to have "Jim" for a name—especially when their card is near his. Naturally, there's a little mix-up every now and then. That's o.k., Jim, things are tough all over. ¶ And don't anyone get near Harold on George when you're clean. They just can't see anyone *white*, so they put their dirty old hands on you. "Just so you won't be different," they add. ¶ My, it's so funny—Bill Harrington can be slapping you and insulting you, etc., every

chance he gets, but the minute you're passing out the checks, you're the sweetest, nicest person he ever met. Hmmm, the old saying, "A worm turns"—how about that, Bill? ¶ Now don't get excited, you know, "The pen is mightier than the sword." ¶ What do you say, Pat, have you decided how you're going to treat Johnny in his role as the "fired man"? ¶ What say, Jimmy, how about saying something sweet and sticky to me—mushrooms, chewing gum; which shall it be? ¶ Ross Platt thinks that anyone who doesn't use an eraser doesn't work. The way you work we'll get a new supply in any day now, Ross. ¶ And there's Herb Buckley—really a card while—the only thing is, he always has someone beat him in his own house (home). ¶ We welcome Antone Rooley to the Palm Shop. He was recently discharged from the Army. How are you doing here?

"B" CLOTH ROOM

REPORTER: Helen Gallant

¶ Jack, our former folder tender who retired more than a year ago, visited us the other day. It was good to see you even though it was only for a short time. ¶ We extend our sincere sympathy to Catherine Mitchell upon the death of her father and to John Conroy upon the death of his mother-in-law. ¶ How did you make out at the race track in Providence, Mae Donnelly—have any luck? ¶ Hilda Gorgill is the envy of everyone in the Cloth Room. Her husband, who is in the Merchant Marine, brought her some hand-made gloves from France. My, aren't you the lucky one. ¶ Our star performer, Ann Clancy, is out sick. Come on, start eating spinach, Ann, and you'll be saying to go again. ¶ Bill Burke, our Folder Tender, celebrated his 73rd birthday in May. Congratulations, Bill. ¶ There's nothing like a good love story—that's Rose Levesque's viewpoint on books. Well, maybe you've got something there.

SPINNING DEPT.

REPORTER: Marie F. Postano

¶ The long-awaited day came—to some it brought happiness and contentment, yet to others, sadness, because they no longer will see those whom they cherished. Yes, V-E Day arrived but was celebrated very quietly. Let us not fall back on our jobs. We still have

the other war to win. For the sake of those whose lives were taken, let us all do our best to speed the hour of victory in the war with Japan. Continue to buy Bonds and stay on the job!

¶ Greetings to Mr. Estout: There's no work-day greeting which can fittingly express the best of all good wishes for your health and happiness. We employees of the Spinning Department could not forget you at such an appropriate time. Many more birthdays to you and happy ones too, of course, in our company.

¶ So long to Ada Pelletier and all the girls who left our room for the lower floor. We sure miss you people.

¶ Rose Martin, Edith Beaudouin, and Lucienne Marteau are newcomers. It's a pleasure to have you with us, and may you enjoy working in our company.



Most everyone at the Fall River Mill had X-Rays taken by the mobile unit, as Miss Irene Silva is shown doing here.

¶ Good gods! No matter in which direction I look, someone is bandaged. In spite of it, they're all too patriotic to remain away from work. I'm referring to Doc's Oldie and Leo Dionne who had sore arms, and Leo Charrette who had a cut on his thumb. Here's hoping everyone is O.K. by the time this issue is printed.

¶ I see red is very becoming to Elvira Gamache. We admire it. You ought to wear it. Oh! What a mess.

¶ Come, come, Marianna Perre, you've been sick long enough. Won't you get well . . . please?

¶ Our sincere sympathy to you, Mrs. Kitch upon the death of your sister.

¶ Laura Comeau did come back, so we shall all. Isn't it nice? I should say.

¶ Alice Frochette is very much at home at her new job. She's doing well, too. Are you?

¶ Congratulations to Charlie Theriault upon the arrival of one brother from overseas. We hope the other four will be coming soon.

¶ Helen Sahady looks pretty sharp with her new permanent and hair-do.

¶ My goodness, Mr. Bouchard, we don't want you between shifts. Could it be the same situation that keeps you busy rushing out without our seeing you?

¶ Say, Frank Barbeau, your little son Johnny is quite the fellow. He is also a bit of a party to mom, isn't he?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Photos p. 2 to 4, and upper photo p. 10: U. S. Navy photo; upper photo p. 12: Army Signal Corps photo.

T/Sgt. Manuel Estrella Is a Record Holder—

With 190 Points

This is how Sgt. Estrella obtained his points:

	Points
Months in service	56
Overseas service	40
Decorations	86
Total	182

He was a Bombardier-Navigator and completed 1000 hours patrolling for subs with the 6th Air Force, and 65 missions with the 9th Air Force. He has the Air Medal with 12 clusters, 4 Battle Stars and was recommended for the D.F.C.

His sister Adeline works in the Laboratory at Fall River.



There's a **RIGHT WAY** to Start a Motor!

THE WRONG WAY MAY START A FIRE.



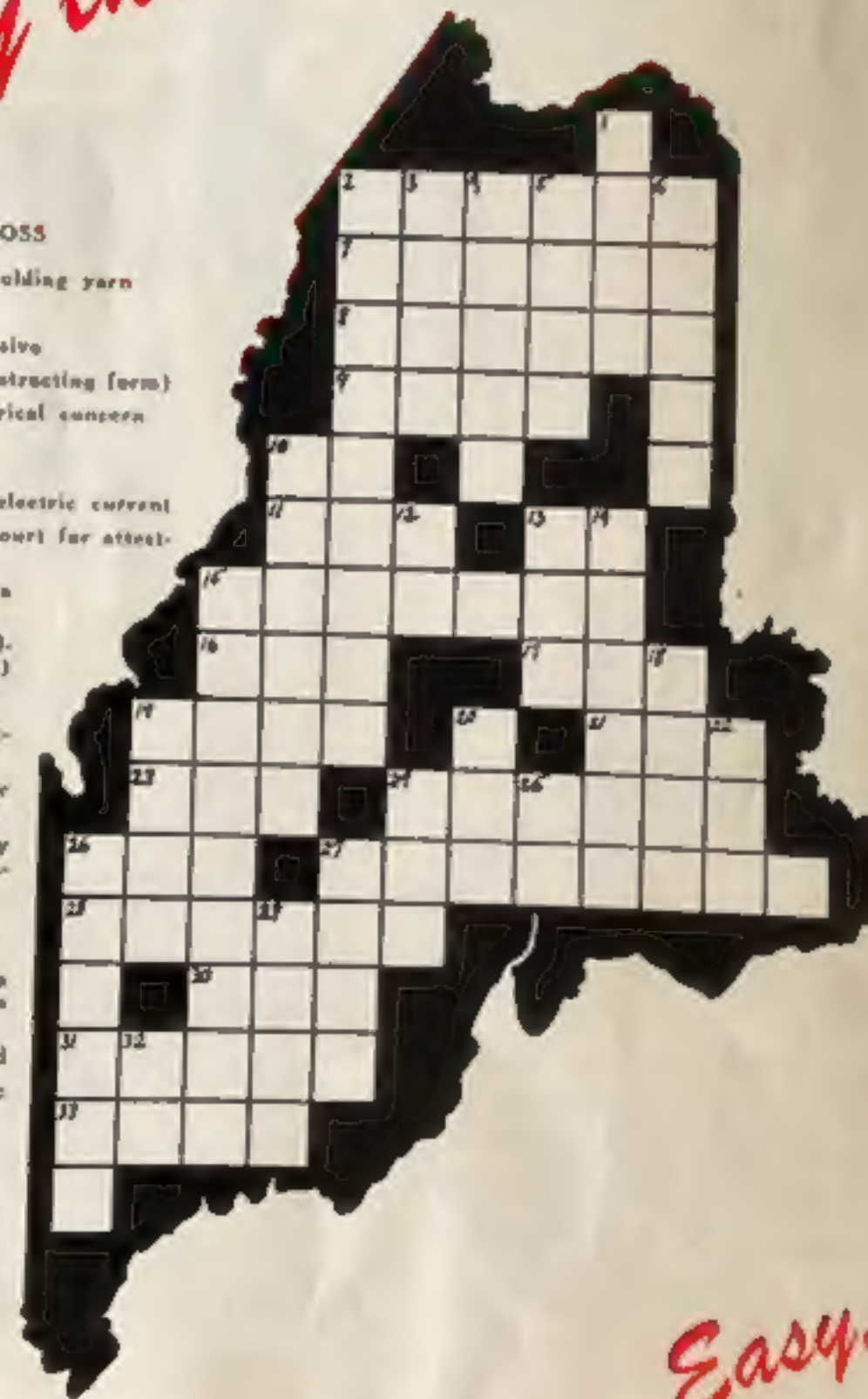
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Try this one-

ACROSS

2. Spool for holding yarn
7. To light
8. More expensive
9. Do not (Contracting term)
10. Large electrical concern (abbr.)
11. Astern
13. A type of electric current
15. A kind of court for attesting wills
16. To make a mistake
17. Elevated rail-ways (abbr.)
19. Hurried
21. Man's nick-name
23. Suitable, or to the point
24. Necessary parts of machines
26. Period of time
27. Home of a famous Bleachery
28. Talking bird
30. Ever (poetic form)
31. Lubricated
33. Girl's name



DOWN

1. Appointed hour
2. This means Home for a lot of Pepperellites
3. A butter substitute
4. Mild
5. A man's name
6. A sinew or tendon
10. An attic
12. A disease of the lungs
13. Consumed
14. Musical instruments
15. A name with 100 years of quality behind it
18. To pick over
19. An historical epic
20. To plant seeds
22. United Service Organizations (abbr.)
24. Encountered
25. Note of the scale
26. Articles of protective clothing
27. A titled nobleman
29. Fishing equipment
32. That is (abbr.)

Easy, wasn't it?